

The Rutland Herald.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER ONE AND INSEPARABLE."—JEFFERSON.

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The Rutland Herald.

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WILLIAM FAY.

POETRY.

From the New York American.

A woman's hand traced the following lines, which only women's true and fond hearts could have inspired. We hope we may receive other such gems.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

The young wife kneeling to her God,
Seems brighter far in this lone room
Than when our halls of mirth she trod,
Mid Fashion's throng a worshipful queen!

Gaze on—the love that fills her heart
New charms hath lent to cheek and brow—
Gaze on—but hush! the pure lips part,
Perchance for heavenly pleading now!

"Hear me, thou who mark'st each feeling,
Thou who know'st each passion's way;
Altho' sacred after kneeling,
For a being loved I pray!

He is dearer than the mother
Who hath been my life's fond guide—
He is "dearer than a brother,"
Though a brother's still my pride.

Off ere summer's bloom had perished,
For the face's soul I plead—
Father! on the husband cherished,
Now thy choicest blessings shed!

In all peril and temptation,
Guard him with thy holy might;
Mid the charms of power and station,
Keep a noble spirit bright.

Bless him, Father! he is starting
Proudly for the goal of fame;
Oh! may every year departing
Add fresh laurels to his name!

Grant him Genius' inspiration—
Wisdom's eloquence divine;
He is pledged unto a nation,
Let him in her councils shine.

He is gentle, and for earth's sorrow—
For the light, the cloud, the thorn,
So prepare him, that each morn
On a fearless heart may dawn.

Father! if the love I bear him
Lends his path a brighter ray—
If that love one pang can spare him,
Aid me still to cheer his way.

Should his manhood's prime be shaded,
Let him on this heart repose;
It will prove, when joys are faded,
Desert spring, and forest rose.

Miscellany.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE TIN TRUMPET, OR HEADS AND TAILS.

Though it is but a tiny thing, a tin trumpet, we must take another blow at it. It is lively, and reminds us (in more ways than one, as we shall show at the close of this notice) of by-gone days, when fairs were suffered, and children were permitted to be merry; i. e. before the schoolmaster strode abroad to make Utilitarians of four years old, and philosophers of five. In the chubby times of hoops and hop-scotch, when "Tom Thumb" and "Goody Two Shoes" were unproscribed nursery books, and the infancy of Britain were not trained with the gravity of Spaniards, a tin trumpet was equally noisy and agreeable to urchin ears and lips. But blessed be the march of intellect and the spread of knowledge! we have lived to see a "talented" and practical epoch. A kite, now, is made to teach aerostation and electricity; a pug toy serves to illustrate mechanics; a foot-ball, projectiles and, perhaps, geography; a skipping rope, geometry and the laws of motion; marbles, the fine arts; and cards and counters, astronomy and ethics. Moral philosophy may, for ought we know, be inculcated with a rattle, and physics with a drum; and as we assert we are daily improving, wait but another lustre, and,

Good heavens, how was we shall be!

As yet we are not wise enough to keep out of *line*, where the professors get the oysters and the disputants the shells.

Law (says Dr. Chetfield)—English—see *Hocms* *Pocms*, and *Chucanery*. The following character, or rather sentence of condemnation, was pronounced upon it by one well acquainted with this subject—the lecturer over the remains of the late Jeremy Bentham. In answer to the question, what is this boasted English law, which, as we have been told for ages, renders us the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, he replies, "The substantive part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges, a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass begin made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency; the administrative part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty; so places his interest in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, defeats the ends of justice."

Lawyers—generally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Lolling the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the technical, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic who could not see London for the houses. It has been vividly said, that lawyers pass their time in taking advantage of their contemporaries; but, if we may credit the authority of Poots, they sometimes outwit the undertaker even after their death. That factious person being once summoned into the country, by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given respecting the funeral. What

may be your practice in the country," said the wag, "I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whether it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyance."

Lies is a term almost similar in sound. They are, says our author, "Verbal forgers—stiffers of truth, and murderers of fact. They will sometimes attempt to conceal their failing by affecting a scrupulous adherence to veracity. B— who rarely shamed the devil, once said of his friend, Jack is a good fellow, but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry to say so, but I will not tell a lie for any man. Another Jack—*sed magis* *veritas*—I love my friend, but I love truth still more." "My dear B," said a bystander, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "I never expected that you would have preferred a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

Another learned profession is thus pithily described:

"*Medical Practice*.—Goessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's." (1.)

The third of the great pursuits of men, which adds divinity to law and physics, offers us an extract or two:

"*Missions*.—Religious.—An attempt to produce to distant and unenlightened nations, an uniformity of opinion on subjects upon which the missionaries themselves are at fierce and utter variance; thus submitting an European controversy of 1800 years to the decision of a synod of savages. Where the missionary begins with civilizing and reclaiming the people among whom he is cast, he cannot fail to improve their temporary condition, and he is likely to contribute to their spiritual welfare; neither of which objects can be attained by the hasty zealot, who commences by attempting to teach the five points of Calvinism to barbarians unable to count their five fingers. There is no reason to suppose that the rapid conversion of the whole world to Christianity forms any part of the scheme of Providence, since, in eighteen centuries, so little comparative progress has been made towards its accomplishment.

"*Moderation*.—Religious.—An unattainable medium, since the world seems to be divided between the enthusiastic and the indifferent, or those who have too much and those who have too little devotion. One party make religion their business; the other make business their religion. Two commercial travellers meeting at an inn near Bristol, and conversing upon spiritual subjects, one asked the other if he belonged to the Wesleyan Methodists. "No," replied the man of business—"What little I do to the religious is only to get the other party to say that I am a Christian."

We are not aware whether the following curious story be actual, or colored, or invented; but at any rate, it is a very *bona fide* anecdote.

"Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigor, and put forth their virtues. Landay Poot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacco-shop at Limerick. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burnt to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff which they tried, and found it so graceful to their noses that they loaded their waisted pockets with the spoil. Landay Poot, roused from his stupor, at length imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was instantly struck by the superior pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up this valuable hint, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, and preparing a large oven for the purpose, set diligently about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity which soon became widely known as Black Yard snuff; a term subsequently corrupted into the more familiar word—Blackguard. Landay Poot, making his customers pay literally through the nose, raised the price of his production, took a larger house in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by having been ruined."

Another anecdote is not new, but will bear telling again:

"It is not generally known that names may be affected, and even completely changed, by the state of the weather. Such, however, is unquestionably the case. The late Mr. Suet, the actor, going once to dine about twenty miles from London, and being only able to get an outside place on the coach, arrived in such a bedraggled state from an incessant rain, and so muffled up in great coats and pocket-handkerchiefs, that his friend inquired, doubtfully, 'Are you Suet?' 'No,' replied the wag, 'I'm dripping!'

The following is new to us:

"P's and Q's.—The origin of the phrase 'Maud your own P's and Q's' is not generally known.—In ale-houses, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the score, 'Gives! Gies! mind your P's and Q's.' When Toby the learned pig, was in the zenith of his popularity, a theatrical wag, who attended the performance, maliciously set before him some pears: a temptation which the animal could not resist; and which immediately occasioned him to lose his ear. The pig exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief on the unfairness of what he had done, when he replied that his only wish was to see whether Toby knew his P's and Q's."

Panx, &c.—"Absurd as it was to expect a rational answer from T. H., I venture to ask how it came that all our best poets were obliged to write prose? 'Because poetry is proscribed,' was his reply.

"*Quibble*.—*Quirk*.—*Quiddet*.—See Law Proceedings. (12.) 'True!' cried a lady, when reproached with the inconsistent marriage she had made;

'I have often said I never would marry a parson or a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian parson.'

"*A Circumstance*, not very remarkable for the acuteness of his feelings or his wit, wishing to banter a testy old gentleman, who had complete garrisoned his mouth with a complete set false teeth, flippantly inquired, 'Well my good sir! I have often heard you complain of your maxillaries—pray, when do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ache?' 'When you have an affection of the heart or a brain fever,' was the reply. Not less ready and biting was the retort of the long-eared Irishman, who being tamely asked—'Paddy, my jewel! who don't you get your ears cropped?'—'They are too large for a man!'—replied, 'And yours are too small for an ass.'

"H. C.—, a keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. 'Sir!' said the offender, drawing up both himself and his horse, and assuming a very consequential look, 'I beg to inform you that I did not come out here to be damned.' 'Why, then, sir, you may go home, and be damned.'

"An empty-headed youth once boasted that he had been to two of the most celebrated schools in England. 'Sir,' said a bystander, 'you remind me of the calf that sucked two cows.' 'And what was the consequence?' 'Why, sir, he was a very great calf.'

"*Shooting the Long-Box*.—Stretching a fact till you have made it as long as you want it. Lord Herbert of Chesham's tastes have descended of some of our modern nobility, for he tells us, in his autobiography, 'The exercise I chiefly use, and most recommended to my posterity, were riding the great horse and fencing. I do much approve likewise of shooting in the long-box. So does our ingenious contemporary, Lord G.—, who never suffers himself to be outstripped in the marvellous. The Marquis of H.— had engaged the attention of a dinner party by stating that he had caught a pike, the day before, which weighed nineteen pounds. 'Poo! cried Lord G.—, 'that is nothing to the salmon I hooked last week, which weighed fifty-six pounds.' 'Egad!' whispered the marquis to his neighbor, 'I wish I could catch my pike again; I would add ten pounds to him directly.'

Our next are rather more serious specimens:

"*Posthumous Glory*.—A revenue payable to our ghosts, and *ignis fatuus*; or, an exhalation arising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glow worm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack; and the lantern, a dark one; protracted oblivion; the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun, and is presently quenched in the darkness of night. 'Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,' may be said of our name, as well as of our frame: one is buried very soon after the other. When the *revolver* is cast up on our tomb, it is cast in a hollow sound, which, after a few faint echoes, dies, and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those whom you don't know; posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, or by quoting from Shakspeare—'I like not such grinning honors as Sir Walter hath!'

"*Scandal*.—What one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

"*Snuff*.—Dirt thrust up the nostrils with a pig-like snort, as a stimulant, which is not to be sneezed at. The moment he has thus defeated his own object, the snuffling snuff taker becomes the slave of a habit, which literally brings his nose to the grindstone.

"*Tomb*.—A house built for a skeleton; a dwelling of sculptured marble, provided for dust and corruption; a monument set up to perpetuate the memory of the forgotten (3).

"*Tongue*.—The mysterious membrane that turns thought into sound. (4.) Drink is its oil; eating is its drag-chain.

"*Wreck*.—A great inn, kept in perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures; by the going away of those who have just paid their bills (the debt of nature), and the coming of those who will soon have a similar account to settle.—*Deceit* *perpetration*, *et successu perituro*."

And the last, which is a playful though somewhat touching and exceedingly appropriate termination to this pleasing miscellany:

"*Youth*.—A magic lantern that surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever be their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern without its magic—the glasses broken, and the illusions gone, while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare, not upon a fair tablecloth, full of jocular associations, but upon what appears to be a dismal shroud, prepared to receive our remains. And now gentle reader, or rather may I call you simple, if you have waded through this strange farrago, here will I bring it to a close, hoping by its example the better to impress upon you the pithy precept, that all our follies and frivolities, all our crude and undigested notions, all our 'bald and disjointed talk,' should like this little volume, terminate with—'Youth.'

A selection of poems conclude the volume, one of which we also add as an example of the writer's talent in that way. He shall not have to say that he was proscribed by the *Literary Gazette*:

"*Musings in the Temple of Nature*.
Man can build nothing worthy of his Maker:
From royal Solomon's stupendous fame,
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain!

The wondrous world which He himself created,
Is the fit temple of creation's Lord;
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praise pour'd!

In altar—earth; its roof, the sky sustained;
Sun, moon, and stars, the lamps that gave it light,
And clouds, by the celestial artist painted,
Its pictures bright.

In choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion,
In one united hymn to heavenward sped,
The thunder-praise the winds the deep-mouth'd ocean,
No organ dread.

The face of nature, its God-written bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpret, or libel
Its loving lore.

Hence learn we that our Maker, whose affection
Knows no distinction—suffers no recall,
Sheds his imperial favor and protection
Alike on all.

Thus by divine example we are taught,
That every race should love alike all others,
Christian—Jew—Pagan—children of our Father,
All, all are brothers.

Conscience, heaven's silent coach, its witness
Of right and wrong in every human breast,
Steady conductor of the impetuous transgressor
To live or rest.

The pious and the virtuous, tho' weak
By fortune's frown, or man's unjust decree,
Still in their bosoms find a pure, excited,
Unfading peace.

Hence do we learn that hatred's vain and hateful,
Since Heaven pursues it with avenging rod,
While goodness, self-rewarded, must be grateful
To man and God.

O thou most visible but unseen teacher,
Whose fingers write its lessons on our sphere!
O thou most audible, but unheard preacher!
Whose sermons clear

Are seen and read in all that thou performest,—
With thee look down and I bless, if when I kneel,
Apart from man-built lanes, I feel the warmest
And purest zeal!

If in the temple thus own hand hath fashioned,
'Neath the bright sky, by kindly streams of wood,
I pour to thee, with thrilling fervor emotion,
My gratitude!—

If in the present miracle terrestrial,
Mine eyes behold, where'er I have kneel'd,
New proofs of thy fatality celestial!
To man revealed!—

B. fearing Thee, I have thy whole creation,
Keeping my bosom undivided by guile,
Wait thou receive and bless mine adoration!
Thou wilt! Thou wilt!

In our opening paragraph we have referred to a matter which it is now our duty to explain.—The author of the *Tin Trumpet* comes before us *incognito* as a Dr. Chetfield, attended by a sort of Merry Andrew, Timothy Harrison. Who the Dr. is we cannot tell; but if he is not Mr. James Smith, he is a most impudent plunderer of that gentleman; and if he is identical, we think he has acted rather disingenuously with the public in those volumes.—For it so happens, that, in ten years ago, Mr. Colburn published a work by "One of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses," entitled, "Gaieties and Gravities," and which ran through several editions, wherein is to be read, *verbatim et literatim*, many of the best things which adorn the *Tin Trumpet*!! In other cases the ideas are taken and quoted upon; but, for instance, in the foregoing quotations we have marked 1, 2, 3, 4, and in the words "gram," "real friend," "jealousy," &c. &c. which were extracted in our last *Gazette*, the writer has presumed entirely on the forgetfulness of readers. These pithy and piquant brevities; and above a hundred more of the same kind, are printed literally from "Specimens of a Patent Pocket Dictionary," (from p. 339 to 365, vol. i. of *Gaieties and Gravities*), published in 1826. Surely such things ought, in all fair performances, to be acknowledged: it is disreputable, if not dishonest, to foist them upon the world again as novelties.

THE RUTLAND HERALD.

NATIONAL TICKET.

For President,
WILLIAM H. HARRISON, of Ohio.
For Vice President,
FRANCIS GRANGER, of New York.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

THE distinguished patriot, soldier, and statesman, who is the subject of this notice, is descended from one of the most illustrious families of that mother of statesmen, Virginia. His father was one of the delegates from that commonwealth to, and a leading member of the memorable Revolutionary Congress. When John Hancock was elected President of that body, and hesitated, through modesty, to take his seat, Mr. Harrison, being a large man, seized Mr. Hancock, who was small, and carried him and placed him in the chair; observing, that they would "let Mother Britain know that Congress would have the man she proscribed to preside over them." During the revolution he was chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, and was great among the great men of that day. In 1783, he was appointed Governor of his native State, and was one of the most popular Chief Magistrates that ever presided over that commonwealth. He died in 1791, leaving three sons, of whom the subject of this short biographical notice was the youngest.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, was born at the family seat, called Berkeley, twenty-five miles below Richmond, on James River, on the 9th of February, 1773; two years before the commencement of the American Revolution. His early education was at a Grammar School, and afterwards at an Academy in Southampton county, and at the College of Hanover, Sydney. After the completion of his academical studies, he was placed by his father in his seventeenth year, in the office of Dr. Lusher, a physician of Richmond, as a medical student. After remaining there one year, he went to Philadelphia for the purpose of completing his medical studies. But before he reached the city, his father died—he now resolved to quit the medical profession, having entered it only to gratify his parent. Being born and educated in the stormy period of the revolution, the stirring events of that day had made too strong an impression upon his ardent mind, to relish the routine of a profession.—But the small estate, which fell to him from his father, made it necessary for him to engage in active life.

His father's standing, character and public services secured him many powerful friends, among whom were Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State in the administration of Gen. Washington; Gen. Henry Lee, and Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution. Mr. Randolph offered him a place in his office, and Gen. Lee proposed to him a commission in the army. He accepted the military offer, and lest his friends should disapprove of the choice,

attempted to conceal it from them, until all was settled. Mr. Morris, however, heard of it by chance, and sent for him, in order to dissuade him from it. Young Harrison suspected the cause of the summons, and having made up his mind to enter the army, hastened to the War Office, received his commission, and then repaired to the house of Mr. Morris to receive his advice when too late, to enter the office of the Secretary of State.

He received the commission of Ensign in the first regiment of the U. States Artillery, then at Fort Mifflin, the site of the present city of Cincinnati, and immediately set out to join the Army, and reached it a few days after Gen. St. Clair's memorable defeat.

He was at that time but nineteen years of age, tall, slender, and apparently wholly unsuited, from the tenderness and luxuriousness of his education, to brave the storm, encounter the hardships and perils, and battle with the beasts and savages of the wilderness. At that time the great valley of the Ohio and Mississippi, now filled with millions of civilized men, was roused over by countless nations of hostile Indians, and the mighty rivers now covered with a hundred steamers, were navigated only by the light canoe. The subdued and humbled red man, that has now reluctantly retired beyond the Mississippi, then stood in power up the banks of the Ohio, the Muskingum, the Sciota, the Miami, the Wabash and the Illinois. Gen. St. Clair's army having been defeated and cut in pieces, the whole defense of this portion of the frontier devolved upon a small body of men. It was just at the beginning of winter, and such were the hardships in prospect, in this then distant wilderness, surrounded by an exasperated, victorious, savage foe, that the stoutest hearts might have failed, and the hardest veterans turned pale. Some of his comrades advised, the youthful and unhardened ensign to resign his commission, and take to civil life. But young Harrison was not a spirit to recoil at danger. The same persevering energy and boldness of character, that distinguished him in after times, was here displayed in his contempt of inglorious ease, and love of arduous enterprise. The first duty confided to him, was to guard certain park-houses, bound for Fort Hamilton. His duty was peculiarly uncomfortable, perilous and difficult, leading to great exposure night and day, and calling for much sagacity, and far more skill than would be looked for in a mere stripling. This duty he performed in a manner, which proved that his abilities were equal to his spirit, and called forth the thanks of Gen. St. Clair.

At this time intemperance destroyed a large proportion of the young men, that entered the army. The hardships and fatigues to which they were exposed, and above all the fashionable custom of the day, reduced at last to the slavery of the bowl, many of the finest young men that entered the service. But our young Ensign strengthened by the advice of Gen. Wilkinson, who succeeded St. Clair in 1792, resisted temptation, and laid the foundation of those habits of temperance, which have characterized him through a long life, and which undoubtedly enabled him, as much as any other cause, to undergo the privations of a frontier warfare, amid the heats of summer, and the frosts of winter, in the swamps and impenetrable wildernesses of the North West.

In 1792, he was promoted to the office of Lieutenant, and in 1793, joined the army of Gen. Wayne. He was shortly after appointed Aid-de-camp, to that gallant commander. He acted in this capacity, in the battle of the 20th of August, upon the Maumee, which resulted the decisive victory over the savages; and his coolness, intrepidity and bravery, were such as to call forth from Gen. Wayne the strongest expressions of applause.

In 1795, he was raised to the post of Captain, and on the departure of Gen. Wayne for the East, was entrusted with the command of Fort Washington. An end being put to the Indian War by the victory of Wayne, Captain Harrison married the daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the well known purchaser of the Miami country, and in 1797 left the army and was appointed Secretary of the North Western Territory. In 1799, he was elected as a delegate to Congress from this Territory, which then comprised Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and the whole country north of the Ohio, and east of the Mississippi rivers. While he was in Congress, he originated the present system of land sales, which has been of immense benefit to the whole country.

Previous to the land system, planned and carried through Congress by WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the public lands were sold in tracts so large, that none but the wealthy could purchase. In some instances, wealthy individuals contracted with the Government for tracts containing from one hundred thousand to a million of acres. The poor man was, consequently, compelled to buy second handed, and at an advanced price. He was at the mercy of the speculator. Mr. Harrison had witnessed the injustice of the operation. He foresaw that it would build up in the west, a land holding aristocracy—a kind of feudal system of barons and vassals, and his republican principles prompted him to resolve to correct the evil. He brought the subject before Congress, exposed the injustice and iniquity of the monopoly of the system, that excluded men of small capital from purchasing land, and obtained the passage of a law directing the lands to be sold in small tracts. That alteration placed the poor man on a footing with the rich, and peopled the new States with freeholders and independent farmers. If this had been the last act of William H. Harrison, if he had then been gathered to his fathers—his fame would have survived as a public benefactor—and his country would have owed a statue to his memory.

Gen. Harrison is a Democratic Republican of the school of Jefferson. He has ever been an advocate of state rights and state sovereignty—of limiting the action of the general government and all its departments, to the powers defined by the constitution and of the right of the people to instruct and control their agents. On this point, the following testimony of a late member of the Senate of the U. States from Ohio, is conclusive.

Extract from a speech of the Hon. JACOB BURNET, at a meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, Ohio, March 19, 1836.

"Suffer me to notice a falsehood relating to this period of Gen. Harrison's life, which his enemies